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CHAPTER I Continued. Larker, who was easily amused, had extracted a certain amusement out of Stacy's memorandum, but he straightened himself with a look of eager confidence and said: "Certainty; that's just what it is-business. Lord! Stacy, I'm all business now. I'm in everything. And I bank with you, though, perhaps, you don't know; it's in your branch at Marysville. I didn't want to say anything about it to you before. But Lord, you

and all that, but in this matter I felt you knew, old chap. I didn't want to talk to a banker nor to a bank, but to Jim Stacy, my old partner." "Barker," sald Stacy curtly, how much

money are you short of?" At this direct question Barker's always quick color rose, but with an equally quick simply. "And you see my word wasn't given would have been odd in any other nature smile he said, "I don't know yet that I'm entirely to them. I bought the thing through but his—he was affected by a sense that he quick color rose, but with an equally quick simply.

"But I do." "Look, here, Jim, why I'm just overloaded with shares and stocks," said Barker smiling,
"Not one of which you could realize on
without sacrifice. Barker, three years ago you had \$300,000 put to your account at San

'Yes," said Barker, with a quiet remi niscent laugh. "I remember I wanted to draw it out in one check to see how it would

And you've drawn out all in three years, and it looks d-d bad.' and it looks d-d bad."
"How did you know it?" asked Barker, his
face beaming only with admiration of his companion's omniscience. "How did I know it?" retorted Stacy. "I know you and I know the kind of people who

have unloaded to you."
"Come, Stacy," end Barker, "I've only invested in shares and stocks like everybody else, and then only on the best advice I could get. Like Van Lor's, for Instance that man who was here just now, the new manager of the Empire Ditch company. And Carter, my own Kitty's father. And when I was offered 50,000 West Extensions and was hesitating over it, he told me you were in i too—and that was enough for me to buy it.
"Yes, but you didn't go into it at his fig

No," said Barker, with an eager smile "but you sold at his figures, for I knew that when I found that you, my old partner, was in it, don't you see, I preferred to buy it through your bank, and did at 110. Of course, you wouldn't have sold at that figure if it wasn't worth it then, and neither I no you are to blame if it dropped the next week to 60, don't you see?"

Stacy's eyes hardened for a moment as h looked keenly into his former partner's bright rray ones, but there was no trace of Irony in On the contrary, a slight shade came over them. "No," he said of sadness came over them. "No," he said reflectively. "I don't think I've ever been once, and that was extravagant, I admit That was my idea of building a kind of refuge, you know, on the site of our old cabin, where poor miners and played-out prespectors waiting for a strike could stay without paying anything. Well, I sunk \$20,000 in that, and might have lost more, only Carter Kitty's father persuaded me-he's an awb? clever old fellow—into turning it into a kind of branch hotel of Boomville, while using it as an hotel to take poor chaps who couldn't pay at half prices, or quarter prices, privately, don't you see, so as to spare their pride; awfully pretty, wasn't it? and make the hotel profit by it.

said Stacy, as Barker paused. "They didn't come," said Barker. "But," he added eagerly, "it shows that things were better than I had imagined. Only the others did not come, either.

'And you lost your \$20,000," said Stacy "Fifty thousand," said Barker, "for, of course, it had to be a larger hotel than the other. And I think that Carter wouldn't 'And yet made you lose \$50,000 instead of

For I don't suppose he advanced "He gave his time and experience," said

Barker simply. "I don't think it worth \$30,000," "But all this doesn't tell me what your business is with me today."

it is business, you know. Something in the old style—as between partner and partner—and that's why I came to you, and not to the banker." And it all comes out of something Il us three again. Well, you know, of curse, that the Excelsion Ditch company all us three again.

"Yes; nor does the company pay any dividends row." You ought to know, with \$50,-600 of their stock on your hands."

Barker laughed. "But listen. I found that I could buy up their whole plant and

'And, Great Scott! you don't think of taking up their business?" said Stacy aghast. Barker laughed more heartily. "No. Not their husiness. But I remember that once Demorest told us, in the dear old days, that it cost nearly as much to make a water ditch as a railroad in the way of surveying and engineering and levels, you know. And not, from which he took a letter still in its here's the plant for a railroad. Don't you envelope. It hore a foreign postmark.

But a railroad from Black Sour to Heavy ee Hill—what's the good of that?"
"Why, Black Spur will be in the line of the a bill for in the legislature.

"An infamous piece of wildcat jobbing at will never pass," said Strey decisively. "They said because it was that it would iss," said Barker simply. "They say that Watson's bank is in it, and was bound to get it through. And as that is a rival bank of yours, don't you see, I thought that if we could get something real good or valu Black Spur good-it would be all right. "And was your business to consult me out it?" said Stacy bluntly.

"No." said Barker, "it's too late to consult you now, though I wish I had. I've given my word to take it, and I can't back out. But I haven't the \$10,000 and I came to

Stacy slowly settled himself back in his chair and put both hands in his peckets. 'Not a cent. Barker; not a cent. "I'm not asking it of the bank," said Bar-ker with a smile "for I could have gone to the bank for it. But as this was something between us, I am asking you, Stacy,

old partner." "And I am answering you, Barker, as old partner, but also as the partner of a hundred other men, who have even a creater right to ask me. And my apswer

is—not a cent."

Barker looked at him with a pale, astonished face and slightly parted lips. Stacy
rose, thrust his hands deeper in his pockets
and standing before him went on:

"Now, look here. It's time you should un-

derstand me and yourself. Three years ago, when our partnership was dissolved by accident or mutual consent, we will say, started afresh, each on our own hook. Through foolishness and had advice you have, in those three years, hopelessly in-volved yourself as you never would have done had we been partners, and yet in your difficulty you ask me and my new partners to help you out of a difficulty in which they

have no concern." Your new partners?" stammered Barker. Yes. My new partners, for every man who has a share, or a deposit, or an interest, or a dollar in this bank is my partnereven you, with your securities at the branch, are one; and you may say that in this I am protecting you against yourself.

"But you have money-you have private means?"

to-on account of my position; none to give away foolishly, as you expect me to-on acount of precedent and example. I am a sculless machine taking care of capital in-trusted to me and my brains, but decidedly

Barker's face had changed; his color had come back, but with an older expression. Presently, however, his beaming smile reed, with the additional suggestion of affectionate toleration which puzzled

"I believe you're right, old chap," he said, extending his hand to the banker, "and I don't suppose I'd bank anywhere eise while you are in the business—checks, dividends, you are in the business—checks, dividends, "Your word," said Stacy. "Have you no My word was accepted." He blushed slightly, as if conscious of a great weak-

> "But that ien't legal nor business. And you couldn't even hold the ditch company to t if it chose to back out." "But I don't think it will," said Barker

not to my heart, nor my sentiment. So my answer is: not a cent."

The man burried away. Having thus vinlicated his humanity by also passing the can't he had received from Stacy to an in-erior, he turned away to carry out his master's instructions, yet secure in the belief that he had profited by his superior discornment of the real reason of that master's singular conduct. But when he re-turned to the private room, in hopes of further revelations, Mr. Stacy was closeted with another financial magnate, and had apparently divested his mind of the whole af-

of this at once and to keep the transaction

icsinuatingly, "I always thought, sir, that Wild West would recover." Stacy, perhaps, not displeased to find what

had evidently passed in his subordinate's mind, looked at him and said dryly: "Then I would advise you also to keep that opinion to yourself." But, clever as he was, he had not anticipated the result. Mr. North. though a trusted employee, was human. On arriving in the outer office, he beckened to

one of the loungering brokers and in a low roice said, "I'll take two shares of Wild

Vest if you can get it cheap. The broker's face became alert and eager.

Yes, but I say, is anything up?"
"I'm not here to give the business of the ank away." retorted North severely; "take

he order or leave it.

"Yes air" responded the clerk as he moved toward the door. But he hesitated, and with another assay at confidence said

CHAPTER II. When George Barker returned to the outer and of the financial stronghold be had penward of the financial stronghold be had pen-strated, with its curving sweep of counters, brass railings and wirework screens de-fended by the spruce clerks behind them, he was again impressed with the position of the man he had just quitted, and for a mo-mont hesitated, with an inclination to go back. It was with no idea of making a fur-ther appeal to his old comrade, but-what



SUDDENLY HE SAW THE FAMILIAR SKIRT OF HIS WIFE AT THE FURTHER

ome waiting for me in the outer office now." on Stacy's shoulder. "It's like you to give hip so much of your time to me and my foolishness and be so frank with me. And I be a more machine instead of Jim Stacy.

Don't you bother about me. I'll sall some bound of the state of my Wide West Extension and pull the thing through myself. It's all right, but I'm sarry for you, old chap." He glanced

ing and added: "I suppose that's what you have to pay for all this sort of thing?" Before Stacy could reply a waiting visitor was announced for the second time, and Barker, with another handshake and a reassuring smile to his old partner, passed into the hall as if the onus of any infelicity in the interview was upon himself alone accessible mood to the new caller, who is his turn, appeared to be slightly irritated by having been kept waiting over some irksome usiness. "You don't seem to follow me perplexity. "Can't you suggest something" "Well, why don't you get hold of one of our board of directors?" said Stacy, abstractedly. "There's Captain Drummond; you and he are old friends. You were comrades in

the Mexican war, weren't you?" "That be d-d!" said his visitor bitterly. "All his interests are the other way, and in a trade of this kind, you know. Stacy, a man would sacrifice his own brother. you suppose that he'd let up on a sure this that he's got just because he and I fought side by side at Cerro Gordo? Come, what are you giving us? You're the last man I ever expected to hear that kind of flandoodle from. If it's because your bank has got some other interest and you can't advise me, why den't you say so?" Nevertheless, in spite of Stacy's abrupt disclaimer, he left all the ditching along the Black Spur Range a few minutes later, half convinced that Stacy's lukewarmness was due to some adverse influence. Other callers were almost as quickly disposed of, and at the end of at hour Stacy found himself again alone,

But not apparently in a very satisfactory mood. After a few moments of purely nie-chanical memoranda making he arose abruptly and opened a small drawer in a cabi Clancing over it hastily his eyes at last became fixed on a concluding paragraph. "I hope," wrote his correspondent, "that even in the rush of your big business you will sometimes look after Barker. Not that I think the dear old chap will ever go wrong-indeed, I often wish I was as certain of myself as of him and his insight; but I am affald we were mere inclined to be merely amused and tolerant of his wonderful trust and simplicity than to really understand it not like his marriage, and was inclined to believe he was the victim of a rather un-scrupulous father and a foolish, unequal girl, but are you satisfied that he would have been the happier without it or lived his per-fect life under other and what you may think wiser conditions? If he wrote the poetry that he lives everybody would think him wonderful; for being what he is we smiled grimly and penciled on his memranda, "He wants it to the amount of \$10,000." "Anyhow," continued the writer, "look
after him, Jim, for his sake, your sake and
the sake of — Phil Demorest."

Stacy put the letter back in its envelope and, tossing it grimly aside, went on with his calculations. Presently he stopped, restored the letter to his cabinet, and rang bell on his table. "Send Mr. North here." he said to the negro messenger. In a few moments his chief bookkeeper appeared in

the decrear. Turn to the Branch ledger and bring me a statement of Mr. George Barker's ac-

"He was here a moment ago," said North essaying a confidential took toward his chief.
"I know it." said Stacy coolly, without "He's been running a good deal on wild-cat lately," suggested North.

"I asked for his account and not your opinion of it," said Stacy shortly.

The subordinate withdrew somewhat abashed, but still curious, and returned presently with a ledger, which he laid before his chief. Stacy ran his eyes over the list of Barker's accurities. It seemed to him that all the wildcat schemes of the past year stared him in the face. His finger, however, stopped on the Wild West exten-sion. "Mr. Barker will be wacting to sell some of this stock. What is it quoted at

"Sixty." "But I would prefer that Mr. Barker should not offer in the open morket at present. Give him 70 for it private maie; that will be \$10,-None to speculate with, as you wish me | 000 paid to his credit. Advise the Branch

WINDOW my wife's cousin, Harry Spring, a broker, might have been unfair and selfish in his and he makes something by it, from the manner to the man panoplied by these decompany, on commission, and I can't go | fences, and who was in a measure forced to company, on commission, and I can't go back on him. What did you say?"

Stacy had only groaned through his set teeth. "Nothing," he said briefly, "except that I'm coming, as I said before, to dine with you tonight, but no more business. I've wis with their chief, both before and after, mough of that with others, and there are smiled with the whispered conviction that some waiting for me in the outer office now." Barker rose at once, but with the same "chucked" like others, until they countenance, and laid his hand carcasingly met his kindly, tolerant, and even sumahegany doors into the blowy street. Here the wind and rain revived him; the bank and its curt refusal were forgotten; he walked conward with only a smiling memory of his partner as in the old days. He remembered how Stacy had burned down their old cabin worthy hands-this Stacy, who was now condemned to sink his impulses and become mere machine. He had never known Stacy's real motive for that act; both Demorest and Stacy had kept their knowledge of the nttempted robbery from their younger pariner; it always seemed to him to be a precious revelation of Stacy's inner nature Facing the wind and rain, he recalled how Stacy, though never so enthusiastic about his own youthfulness. He was affectionately tolerant of even Stacy's dislike to his wife's relations, for Stacy did not know them as he did. Indeed, Barker, whose own father

and mother had died in his infancy, had accepted his wife's relations with a loving trust and confidence that was supreme from At last he reached his hotel. It was a new one, the latest creation of a feverish progress in hotel building which had covered five years and as many squares with large, showy erections, utterly beyond the needs of the community, yet each superior in size and adornment to its predecessor. t struck him as being the one evidence of an abiding faith in the future of the metros olis that he had seen in nothing else. As he entered its frescood hall that afternoon he was suddenly reminded, by its challenging opulency, of the bank he had just quitted, without knowing that the bank had really furnished its capitol and its original design. The gilded barrooms, flashing with mirrors and cut glass; the saloons, with their desert expanse of Turkey carpet and casis of clustered divans and gilded tables; the great dining room, with porphyry columns, and walls and ceilings shining with allegory all these things which had attracted his youthful wonder without distracting his correct simplicity of taste be now began to comprehend. It was the bank's money "at work." In the clatter of dishes in the dining

room he even seemed to hear again the It was a short out to his apartments to pass through a smaller public sitting room. popularly known as "Flirtation Camp," where eight or ten couples generally found refuge on chairs and settees by the windows, half concealed by heavy curtains. But the occupants were by no means youthful epinisters or bachelors; they were generally married women, guests of the hetel, receiving other people's husbands, whose wives tellets of the women, as compared with the less formal business suits of the men, there was an odd mingling of the social attitude with perhaps more mysterious confidences. The idle gossip about them had never affeeded Barker: rather he had that innate respect for the secrets of others which is as aseparable from simplicity as it is from high reeding, and he scarcely glanced at the diferent couples in his progress through the ing and handsome woman who, surrounded by two or three admirers, yet looked up at Barker as he passed with self-conscious lide as if seeking a return of her glance. But he moved on abstractedly, and only stopped hen he saw suddenly the familiar skirt his wife at a further window and halted be

"Oh, it's you," said Mrs. Barker, with half-pervous, balf-impatient laugh "Why thought you'd certainly stay half the after

you haven't met for three years. There was no doubt she had thought en there was equally no doubt that the conver extion she was carrying on with her com-panion-a good looking, portly business man was effectually interrupted. But Barke band." she went on carelessly rising and smoothing her skirts. The captain, who had risen, too, bowed vagurdy at the introduction, but Barker extended his hand frankly. "I found Stary busy " he said in answer to his wife, "but he is coming to dine with us

"If you mean Jim Stacy, the banker," said Captain Heath, brightening into greater ease, "he's the hunes; man in California. I've seen men standing in a queue outside his "Besides," added Mrs. Barker audaciously, door, as in the old days at the postoffice. "be could get rid of it elsewhere. He had

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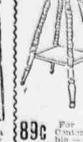
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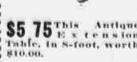
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And he only gives you five minutes and no another offer, but he thought yours the best. | mur from one of the heavily curtained win- | grand, inspiring anthem that arouses the

from his mind with characteristic buoyancy.

youthful Barker. But is was Mrs. Barker who 'Oh, yes, and always such good friends, was awfully jealous of him." Nevertheless, she did not respond to the affectionate of Captain Heath, but glanced indifferently around the room as if to leave further con-versation to the two men. It was possible that she was beginning to feel that Captain Heath was as de trop now as her husband had been a moment before. Standing there, however, between them both, idly tracing a pattern on the carpet with a toe of her lipper, she looked prettier than she had ever looked as Kitty Carter. Her slight figwas more fully developed. That artimarriage as Demorest, had taken up Van ficial severity covering a natural virgin cov. Loo sharply for some feelish meer about his pees with which she used to wait at table in her father's hotel at Boomville had gone. and was replaced by a satisfied conscious ness of her power to please. Her glance was freer, but not as frank as in those days. Her dress was undoubtedly richer and more stylish, vet Barker's loyal heart often reerted fondly to the chintz gown, coquettishly frilled apron and spotless cuffs and collar in which she had handed him his

coffee with a faint color that left his own ace crimson. Captain Heath's tact being equal to her ndifference, he had excused himself, although he was becoming interested in this youthful husband. But Mrs. Barker, after having asserted her husband's distinction as the equal friend of the millionaire, was by no means willing that the captain should be interested in Barker for himself alone, and did not urge him to stay. As he departed she turned to her husband, and, indicating the group he had passed the mo-

"That horrid woman has been staring at is all the time. I don't see what you see

n her to admire." Poor Barker's admiration had been limted to a few words of civility in the enorced contact of that huge caravansary and in his quiet, youthful recognition of her striking personality. But he was then too preoccupied with his interview with Stacy to reply, and perhaps he did not quite un-derstand his wife. It was odd how many things he did not quite understand now fault. But Mrs. Barker apparently did not require, after the fashion of her sex, a reply. For the next moment, as they moved toward their rooms, she said impatiently. Well, you don't tell what Stacy said. Did

I grieve to say that this soul of truth and frankness lied, only to his wife. Per-haps he considered it only lying to himwere in "the states," or responsible middle-aged leaders of the town. In the elaborate self, a thing of which he was at times mis erably conscious. "It wasn't necessary, dear," he said; "he advised me to sell my securities in the bank, and if you only knew

now dreadfully busy he is." Mrs. Barker curied her pretty lip, "It ion't take very long to lend \$10,000. "But that's what I always tell you. You have about made me sick by the praises of those wonderful partners of yours, and here you ask a favor of one of hem, and he tells you to sell your securi-And you know, and he knows, they're worth next to nothing."

"You don't understand, dear-" "I understand that you've given word to poor Harry," said Mrs. Barker in pretty Indignation, "who's responsible for he Ditch purchase."

"And I shall keep it. I always do," Barker, very quietly, but with that same singular expression of face that had puz-But Mrs. Barker, who, perhaps onew her husband better, said in an altere

"If I'm short a thousand or two I'll ask Mrs. Backer was silent. "Father's so very nuch harried now George. Why don't you imply throw the whole thing up? 'But I've given my word to your cousin "Yes, but only your word. There was no

Barker opened his frank eyes in astonish-cent. Her own cousin, too! And they were Stocy's very words.

ritten agreement. And you couldn't even

By this time they had reached their rooms, I sweet,

turned into the bodroom and walked smilingly toward a small crib which stood in the | A step brought him to the curtain where a "Well," said Mrs. Barker, a little impainto the public parlor, where I was seeing visitors, did you? I sent him out with the

other children." the child when he came back. He had a be-lief, based on no grounds whatever, that the ling to respond to a deep, concent little creature understood him. And he had father's doubt of the wholesomeness of ther people's children who were born toto Horneastle looked up. There was a faint the world indiscriminately and under the

exceptional conditions of his own. "I'll go | sion. and fetch him," he said. "You haven't told me anything about your interview; what you did and what your good friend Stacy said," said Mrs. Barker, drop-

Captain Heath to stay longer." "Oh, as to Stacy," said Barker, dropping beside her and taking her hand, "well, dear, ho was awfully busy, you know, and shut up in the innermost office like the agate in one of the Japanese nests of boxes. But," he continued, brightening up, "just the same lear old Jim Stacy of Heavy Tree Hill, when first knew you. Lord! dear, how it all came back to me! That day I proposed to you in the belief that I was unexpectedly rich and even bought a claim for the boys on the strength of it, and how I came back to them e find that they had made a big strike on was so afraid to tell them about you-and

how they guessed it—that dear old Stacy one of the first." 'Yes," said Mrs. Barker, "and I hope your friend Stacy remembered that but for me, you found out that you were not rich, have given up the claim, and that I really deceived my own father to make you keep it. I've often worried over that, George," she said pensively, turning a dia-

nond bracelet around her pretty wrist, hough I never said anything about it." "But Kitty, darling," said Barker, grasping his wife's hand, "I gave my note for it; you know you said that was bargain enough, and I had better wait until the note was due, and until I found I couldn't pay, before

old him everything. "Of course, if you look at it in that way, said his wife, languidly. "It's nothing, only I think it ought to be remembered when Who dares say that?" said Barker, indig-

"Well, if they don't say it, they look it, said Mrs. Barker, with a toss of her pretty head, "and I believe that's at the bottom of Stacy's refusal."

suppose it's time Norah brought it upstairs."

At any other time Barker would have lingreed with explanations, but just then a
deeper sense than usual of some misunderstanding made him anxious to shorten this
soft. And such a discriminating eye for
terms to college the terms of the soft. And such a discriminating eye for

woman like, she didn't care to let me know

was a favorite promenade for the nurses were gathered at the further end, where a large window looked upon Montgomery street. But Norah, the Irish nurse, was not among them; he passed through several corritiors in his search, but in vain. At last worried and a little anxious, he turned to regain his rooms through the long mile; n where he had found his wife previously. It was deserted now; the last caller had left even frivolity had its prescribed limits. He was consequently startled by a gentle mur- walk from place to place, pouring forth their

Barker, apparently dismissing the subject | pathetic tenderners. And it was followed by a distinct gurgling, satisfied crow.

Barker turned instantly in that direction

singular spectacle presented itself. Seated on a lounge, completely absorbed "said Mrs. Barker, a little impa-"you didn't expect me to take him rid woman" whom h's wife had indicated only a little while ago, holding a baby-Kitty's sacred baby-in her wanton nurse into the lower hall to play with the child was feebly grasping the end of the reverent, the peeple pass without the doors slender jeweled nocklace which the woman held temptingly dangling from a thin, white He always looked forward to meeting | jeweled finger above it. But its eyes were ing to respond to a deep, concentrated love in the handsome face that was bent over it.
At the sudden intrusion of Barker Mrs.

rise in her color, but no loss of self posses-"Please don't scold the nurse," she said. nor say anything to Mrs. Barker. It is all

necklace. tempted by jewelry and glitter." Barker hesitated; the Madonna-like de-votion of the moment ago was gone; it was only the woman of the world who laughingly lcoked up at him. Nevertheless, he was touched. "Have you-ever-had a child, Mrs. Horncastle?" he asked gently and hesi-Mrs. Horncastle?" he asked gently and hesitatingly. He had a vague recollection that she passed for a widow and in his simple Hallelujah, praise the Lord."

eyes all women were virgins or married with a laugh, "or perhaps I should not ad mire them so much. I suppose it's the same feeling bachelors have for other people' wives. But I know you're dying to take that boy from me. Take him, then, and don't be ashamed to carry him yourself jus because I'm here; you know you would de light to do it if I weren't."

Barker bent over the silken lap in which the child was comfortably nestling, and in that attitude had a faint consciousness that Mrs. Horncastle was mischievously breath-ing into his curls a silent laugh. Barker lifted his first-born with proud skillfulness I gave up the claim. It was very clever of you, and the boys all said so, too. But you never deceived your father, dear," he said. of objection caught his father's curls with of objection caught his father's curls with one fist, while with the other he grasped Mrs. Horneastle's brown braids and brought their heads into contact. Upon which humor ous situation Norah, the nurse, entered.
"It's all right, Norah," said Mrs. H

ople go about saying papa ruined you with castle, laughing, as she disengaged hersel is hotel schemes." claimed the baby and has agreed to forgive you and me and say nothing to Mrs. Barker." Norah, with the inscrutable criticism of her sex on her sex, thought it extremely proba-ble and halted with exasperating discretion. "There," continued Mrs. Horneastle, play-

"But he never said a word, Kitty," said
Barker, flushing.
"There, don't excite yourself, George," said
Mrs. Barker, resignedly, "but go for the
baby. I know you're dying to go, and I
suppose it's time Norah brought it upstairs."
"There," continued Mrs. Horncastle, playfully evading the child's further advances,
"go to papa, that's a dear. Mr. Barker prefers to carry him back, Norah."
"But," said the ingenuous and persistent
Barker, still lingering in hopes of recalling
the woman's previous expression, "you do

domestic collocuy. He rose, pressed his soft. And such a discriminating eye for domestic collocuy. He rose, pressed his jewelry! Really, you ought to get a neck-suffe's hand and went out. But yet he was not entirely satisfied with himself for leaving her. "I suppose it soit right my going as soon as I come in." he murmured repreachfully to himself, "but I think she wards the baby back as much as I; only."

Soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a such as the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discriminating eye for leaving the strip is soft. And such a discrimination is soft. And

(To Be Continued.) A BEAUTIFUL EASTER CUSTOM.

The Advent of Resurrection Day Hailed with Melody and Praise. "No more divinely appropriate expression the Moravians' love of music and their appreciation of its inspiriting power is to b found than in their sublime annunciation of the Resurrection day," writes Clifford Howard descriptive of "A Moravian Easter Dawn." in the April Ladies' Home Journal "Through the quiet streets of Bethlehem the early morn, the

of the advent of this glorious day. Now here, now there, now everywhere, the lights appear within the windows of the dwellings, and the streets are througed with people directions toward the church, and greeting one another with loving salutations of the day. The Easter service is begun within the church and is continued there until the brightening sky announces the advent of the dawn. Then, it slow procession, subdued and

ascend the winding bill to their beloved and quaint old burying ground.
"Within the closure of this consecrated. spot the congregation assembles and stands in fond anticipation of the emblem of its cherished faith: A little apart stand the ministers, and the trombone choir. Thus assembled, the service of song and responsive readings, begun in the church, is continued. A sense of deep, religious awe pervades the my fault. I thought that both the nurse and gathered throng, as on this cold, gray morn-child looked dreadfully bored with each ing of the early spring they await, in spiritual ping languidly into a chair. "And really if other, and I borrowed the little fellow for a communion with their departed loved ones, you are simply running away again after while to try and amuse him. At least I the resurrection hour. Above the hill the that child, I might just as well have asked haven't made him cry, have I, dear?" The dawning light appears. Then from the voices last epithet. It is needless to say, was addressed to the little creature in her lap, but of raptured song, a heartfelt bymn of praise in its tender modulation it touched the said adoration, a spontaneous symphony of father's quick sympathies as if he had shared joy, that starts in glad expression of it with the child. "You see," she said softly, triumphant hearts, and, mingling with the discovering the haby's fingers from her full, resounding strains of sweet-toned disengaging the baby's fingers from her full, resounding strains of sweet-toned necklace, "that our sex is not the only one trumpets and resonant frombones arises with the warbling song of Joyous birds in glad hesannan to the splendent sky. For seet a radiant light o'erspreads the earth. A wondrous glory hails the new-born The sun appears in fulgency sublime-

symbol of the resurrected life; and earth and

Nixon Waterman in L. A. W. full-tin.
Oh, once we watched the coming of the mild and gentle spring.
And welcomed its arrival when we heard a robbin sing.
But now we've council to pin our faith on him prophetic sons. his prophetic song, For observation teaches us a robin may be

For observation teaches us a robin may be wrong.
Full many a springlike morn we've heard him pipe his cheerful lay.
White gleeful plumbers come to fix our frozen pipes next day.
Till now when first we see him 'mid the cheerless branches fit!
We say to him, "Nix cumarouse! Not on your life! Nich! Nit!" But now we have a surer way of telling But now we have a surer way of telling spring has come.
For when we're walking out and hear a wild, terrific hum.
And something hits us in the legs and knocks as galley-west.
And makes us kish the highway with the hosem of our vest.
Oh, then, when coasciousness returns and reason, limping back.
Climbs on the throne she tottered from when we received that "whock."
We brush our stredded garments and in words of sunny cheer.
We say, "The bicycles are out! Thank goodness, spring is here!"

Blood

crusted, pimply, or blotchy, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, speedily cured by warm baths with Curicuna BOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment, the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood

purifiers and humor cures.